

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 23.

FOR THE ARIEL. GOD IS HERE.

I saw within a festive hall
A band of joyous youth,
I mingled in the busy ball,
As glad as they, forsooth;
Yet to my mind the viol clear
Said, thoughtless mortals, God is here.

I saw a group of mourners stand
Around a new-made grave;
I join'd the little mourning band—
A sigh of tribute gave;
And when I saw the falling tear,
Whisper'd, forbear, thy God is here.

I look'd upon the busy throng
That sought the house of God,
Where prayer, and praise, & rapt'rous song
From hearts united flow'd;
The organ there upon my ear
Peal'd forth this truth, sure God is here.

I stood upon a distant hill,
And solitude around me lay—
Beneath me gush'd a little rill,
And to the ocean flow'd away;
I thought myself alone, with fear—
But echo thunder'd, God is here.

ST. CLAIR.

SELECT TALES.

From Mrs. Alaric Watts's New Year's Gift.
LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

"And is my dear Papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me?" asked the little Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of State were confined; and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take a last farewell, was imprisoned, under sentence of death. "Yes, my dear child," returned Amy, sorrowfully, "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely, "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is." Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant, as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her: and she whispered to her nurse—"was it not here that the young princess, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account; for no one will harm you," said Amy, in an encouraging tone.—"And was not good Henry Sixth murdered also, by the same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was filled with the deeds of blood that had been related to her by Bridget, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on the charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush! hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room, with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side and was silent, till they were ushered into the room where her father was; when forgetting every thing else in the joy of seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter, and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, and his own anguish at the thought of his leaving her an orphan at the tender age of nine years, he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears. "Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this dismal place and come to your own hall again?" "Attend to me, Lucy, while I tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. "I shall never come home again—for I have been condemned to die for high treason; and I shall not leave this place, till they take me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head, with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple Bar, or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears. "Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you; and we may never meet again in this world."—"No, no, dear papa! they shall not kill you; for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they cannot cut your head off;—and I will tell them all how good and kind you are; and then they will not want to kill you." "My dearest love, all this would be of no use," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Lucy, do you remember that I once took you to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"Oh, yes, papa—and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said what his daughter, the Princess of Orange was at my age," replied Lady Lucy, with great animation.—"Well, my child, soon after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom; and the people made him and the princess of Orange king and queen in his stead!"

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess to take her father's kingdom away from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lucy earnestly.

"Hush! hush my love—you must not speak thus of the queen. Perhaps she thought she was doing right to deprive her father of his kingdom, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not think she would consent to sign the death warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy

Gradwell, advancing towards her master, "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas, my good Amy, no one will undertake the perilous office of pleading for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favoring King James."

"Dear papa! let me go to the queen and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. "I will go beg and pray her to spare your life, dear father, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Dear, simple child! What could you say the queen, that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say," replied Lady Lucy.

Her father clasped her to his bosom—"But," said he, "thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even should you be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to her, papa? Should she be angry with me, and answer me harshly, I shall be thinking too much of you to care about it; and if she send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, God will take care of my immortal soul." "You are right, my child, to fear God, and have no other fear," said her father. "He perhaps has put it into thy little heart to plead for thy father's life; which if it be his pleasure to grant I shall indeed feel it a happiness that my child should be the instrument of my deliverance; if it should be otherwise, God's will be done. He will not forsake my good and dutiful little one, when I am laid low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of this interesting scene.

"I will write a letter to her grandmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines, which he gave to his daughter, telling her that she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell.

Though the little girl wept as she parted from him, yet she left the Tower with a far more quiet mind than she had entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope.

The next morning before the lark had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a child whose only parent was under sentence of death. As she passed through the hall, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, all the servants shed tears, and begged of God that he would bless and prosper her.—Lady Lucy was introduced to the Countess Clarendon's apartment, before her ladyship had left her bed; and having told her artless story with great earnestness, presented her father's letter.

Lady Clarendon was very kind to her little god-daughter; but she told her plainly that she did not dare to ask her father's life, because her husband was already suspected of holding

secret correspondence with his brother-in-law, King James. "Oh," said Lucy, "if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me. I would plead so earnestly that she could not refuse me, I am sure!"

"Poor child! What could you say to the Queen?" asked the Countess, compassionately. "God will direct me what to say," replied Lady Lucy. "Well, my love, thou shalt have the opportunity," replied Lady Clarendon, "but much I fear thy little heart will fail when thou seest the Queen face to face."

Impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her god-daughter, she hastened to rise and dress that she might conduct her into the palace gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking, when she returned from Chapel. The Countess, while waiting for the arrival of her Majesty, endeavored to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out the portraits to her notice. "I know that gentleman well," said Lucy, pointing to a noble full-length portrait of James the Second.

"That is the portrait of Queen Mary's father: and a striking likeness it is," observed the Countess, sighing—"But hark! Here comes the Queen and her ladies from the chapel.—Now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder; but you must remain alone, standing where you are. When her Majesty approaches, kneel, and present your father's petition. She who walks before the ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart beat violently, when she found herself alone; but her resolution did not fail her. She stood with folded hands, pale but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the Queen's approach; and when her Majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt, and presented her father's petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manners, and above all the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the Queen's attention and interest. She paused, spoke kindly to her and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her color rose, she frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping her robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father! my dear, dear father, royal lady!"

Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but in her sore distress she forgot all, and could only repeat, "Save my father, gracious Queen!" till her vehement emotions choked her voice—and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned against her majesty's person, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were unusually interesting. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but very firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the Queen.

"He may be so to you, child," returned her Majesty: "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

"But you can pardon him," replied Lucy, "and I have learned that God has said 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'" "It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the Queen, gravely, "I am acquainted with my duty. It is my place to administer justice impartially; and it is not possible for me to pardon your father however painful it may be to deny so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply—she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the Queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James. The Queen's curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child; and she could not refrain from asking why she gazed so earnestly upon that picture. "I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how very strange it was, that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully."

This wise and artless reproof, from the lips of childish innocence, went to the very heart of the queen. She raised her eyes to that once dear and honored parent, who, whatever had been his political errors, had been the tenderest of fathers to her, and when she thought of him, an exile in a foreign land, relying upon the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she was invested with the Royal inheritance, of which he had been deprived, the contrast between her own conduct as a daughter and that of the pious child before her, smote on her heart, and she burst into tears.

"Rise, dear child," said she—"I cannot make thee an orphan. Thou hast prevailed; thy father shall not die! thy filial love has saved him!"

From the New York Mirror.

WANT OF EXCITEMENT, OR A TRIP TO LONDON.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Travelling is certainly the most pleasant and profitable way of spending our time in the world. It makes folks so wise, and enables them to tell so many good stories. People that have nothing to do at home, and most especially young ladies who have been five or six seasons weather-beating at parties, and whose faces are becoming rather too familiar by constant use, cannot do better than regenerate themselves by a trip to London or Paris, where they will acquire a new gloss, and if they bring home nothing else, import the very newest fashions. If they are rich, who knows whether they may not marry the second or third cousin of a lord?

Julia Earle was the only daughter of a rich broker—we beg pardon—banker, in a certain great city, in which *Æsop* would not have required a lantern to enable him to find at least two honest men. Bankers rule the world, at least the most enlightened, wise, and virtuous portion of it, called christendom. There is not a king, by divine right, in all Europe that can make war, give a great feast, or portion off a younger branch of the family, without the aid of a banker. Nay, bankers are actually becoming statesmen, which certainly is a vast improvement of the age, since, by being in all the secrets of government, they can speculate to great advantage in the stocks. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Earle held his head high, and his pretty daughter still higher. There was nobody, that is, none of the city of the honest city in which they resided, worthy of their attention, except merely so far as to be invited sometimes to parties, to admire the magnificence of Mr. Earle. By the time she was grown up to be a woman, Julia had become tired of all the city beaux, because they had not the air noble; and of all the pleasures of the city, because—because she has tasted too much of them—and every body knows, that too much of a good thing is good for nothing.

"Pa," said she one morning, after being at a party till three o'clock, and eating pickled oysters, "pa, I don't feel well."

The old gentleman was alarmed—it was his only daughter.

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"I don't know—I believe I want excitement."

"Then go and buy a new bonnet."

"A new bonnet! lord, pa, I'm tired of new bonnets."

"Well, then, go and buy a new cloak."

"I'm tired of new cloaks."

"Then order the barouche, and take a ride."

"I'm tired of barouches—they're so common—every body has got barouches. I am told the milk-men and baker-boys mean to change their carts into barouches."

"Then take a walk in Broadway—'tis a delightful morning."

"I hate walking in Broadway, it's so vulgar—every body walks there now."

"Take an amusing book, then, and while away the time."

"I'm tired of amusing books—but—but I'll try;" and she took up the first volume of the *Water Witch*; but alas! she fell asleep ere she got through the address of Alderman Van Beverout to his man Euclid, and dreamed she was going to London.

She was awakened by a servant announcing the Honorable Captain Chiffington, who always carried a monkey with a gold chain under his arm, given him by the Duchess of Devonshire. He was just from London, and talked so much of lords, ladies, and all that sort of thing, that Julia was miserable to be among such a beautiful, polished, enlightened people, all of whom had the air noble to a certainty.

When the old gentleman came home from heaping up pennies, and slaving all the morning in the service of the divinity he adored, Julia was more languid than ever. She thought of Chiffington and his monkey, of lords, and ladies of the air noble, of Almack's and the court. No wonder she was almost broken-hearted!

"Are you worse, my dear?" said Mr. Earle.

"I believe I am, pa."

"Shall I send for Doctor Fizzlegig?"

"Oh no, pa, he'll only give me a dose of calomel. You know he prescribes that for every thing. The other day I was telling of having lost my purse, and he ordered a dose of calomel for its recovery."

"My dear," said Mr. Earle, with an awful depression of voice, "my dear, don't you know Doctor Fizzlegig is a fellow of the royal society?"

"Well, pa, if he is, I suppose the royal society must be a set of very dull fellows."

"Hem!" quoth Mr. Earle. "But, my dear, I really wish you would take something."

"I should like to take something, pa," said the young lady significantly.

"What is it, my dear?"

"A trip to London."

"A trip to purgatory"—quoth Mr. Earle; "what would you do in London?"

"O, I should be so well and so happy! I'm sure I should."

"Have you not every thing that you want, my dear?"

"Y—e—s, pa—but then I want excitement. I'm so *triste*, so *ennui*, so—I don't know what—that I can't keep myself awake in the day-time."

"That is because you are up at parties almost all night, my dear; but I wish you would try and be happy. I'm sure you've every thing to make you so. Try, my dear, now do try."

"I can't pa; indeed I can't—nothing excites me now."

"Suppose you go and buy a new real Cashmere shawl, my dear!"

The idea roused the young lady, and she acceded to the proposal with delightful facility. The old gentleman gave her a thousand dollars, and away she went as merry as a cricket.

The excitement of the Cashmere shawl lasted a whole fortnight; by that time every body had seen and admired, and heard how much it cost, and there was an end of the ex-

citement. Captain Chiffington and his monkey called too, and talked more eloquently than ever of the air noble, the air distingue, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Wellington, and the Lord-knows who. The next morning Julia was *triste*, *ennui*, downright sick, and Doctor Fizzlegig was called in. The old gentleman was at his banking house, turning a penny as usual. The doctor advised the use of calomel.

"Pshaw, doctor," replied Julia; "if you want me to get well, prescribe me a dose of London."

"That's a medicine I never heard of before," quoth the doctor.

"It may be so, doctor; but it is a sovereign remedy, for all that."

The doctor was no fool, though he was a fellow of the royal society and prescribed calomel for the recovery of lost purses. He immediately recommended a voyage for the young lady's disorder.

Mr. Earle was alarmed at the imminent danger indicated by the necessity of a sea-voyage.

"Is she in a decline?" asked he with tears in his eyes.

"Not exactly," said the doctor, "she's only—hem—hem—she's a little predisposed—inclined that way—she wants change of air."

"The air noble," thought the young lady.

"Well, if I must I must," quoth Mr. Earle, when the doctor was gone. "It will be very inconvenient for me to go; it will be thousands out of my pocket, and derange my business sadly."

"Well, pa, if it's so very inconvenient, you know the Dobbsses are going to London, and they will take me under their wing."

"Hem—I don't like Mrs. Dobb's wing, and choose to have you under my own. But what shall I do in London? Perhaps I may make a profitable speculation," and he rubbed his hands in the anticipation.

"Yes, and then you know, pa, you know you've been so civil to all the distinguished Englishmen that have visited the city. You know you gave six dinners to the Marquis of T., a party to Lord A., a public breakfast to Lord B., and General C. staid with us in the country a whole month, you know, pa; oh! we shall be quite at home, and receive such attentions! I shouldn't be surprised if we were to go to Almack's, and be presented at court!"

The good gentleman felt himself gradually melting at this description of the paradise that awaited them abroad. He made his preparation with infinite alacrity, and the very next packet saw them on their voyage to London.

"The voyage will be of service to you," said Doctor Fizzlegig.

"I'm sure it will," said Julia, who got seasick before they were outside the Hook, and could eat nothing but gingerbread during the whole voyage. But the old gentleman was just as bad, and that was some consolation.

"I wish I was home again," said Mr. Earle.

"I wish I was dead," sighed Julia.

"I wish I was in purgatory," said a young man from the western country, who had never seen salt water before, except in a brine spang.

They got to London at last, after a voyage of eight weeks, which seemed like eight years. Had it not been for the anticipation of the air noble, the air distingue, of lords and ladies, Almack's, and the court, Julia would have died on the voyage, and been eaten by the fishes.

On landing at the London docks, there was a great struggle for their baggage, such happened at the siege of Troy for the body of *Patroclus*. It ended in a battle, and the conqueror carried off the spoil. The Thames ran blood, but was not so much frightened as the little *Scamander*, being used to such matters. Mr. Earle, being a prompt man, drove straight to his banker, to present his bills of exchange, and take his advice as to disposing of himself and his daughter. The banker had been in

the United States, and drank a pretty considerable quantity of Mr. Earle's Bingham and Marston.

"I dare say he will invite us to stay with him," said Julia.

"No doubt of it," quoth Mr. Earle.

The banker received them with great attention, talked to them half an hour at least at the door of the carriage, advised Mr. Earle to take lodgings as far off as possible, as the neighborhood was not healthy, and regretted his inability to return his kindnesses in America, on account of his carpets not being down and his house in confusion.

"I should be delighted to see you when the bustle is over; but the fact is, Mrs. or rather Lady Barington, for we have been honored of late by his most gracious majesty, is going to take a trip to Paris this summer. Ah—hem—ha—how long do you expect to honor us with your company—hem—in London?"

"About two months, I believe," said Mr. Earle, "we shall then commence a little tour into the country."

"Then I regret to say we shan't be able to see you at our house. Good bye, my dear friend—any services in my power—a—a—good-bye, my dear friend. Shut the door coachman."

"Civil!" cried Julia, putting up her pretty lip.

"A specimen of the hospitality of old England," responded Mr. Earle, shrugging his shoulders. They drove to the hotel, where Sir Somebody Barington recommended them to go, and were accommodated with magnificent lodgings, at a most magnificent price. The waiter seeing the direction of Edward Earle, of —, reported a nobleman, and they were accommodated accordingly. Nothing could equal the civility, or rather the servility of the landlord, the waiters, the chambermaids, and the courtly devoirs of the gentleman denominated 'boots,' among the initiated in travelling. Being a nobleman, every thing was charged accordingly. Mr. Earle felt a severe twinge in the vicinity of his pocket, but he was determined to do the thing genteelly.

Here they had every accommodation, not to say luxury, they could desire.

"I declare, pa," said Julia, "I feel almost as comfortable as at home!"

But the dullest of all dull cities for people without friends or employment, is London.—Mr. Earle and Julia, after gazing out of the window, seeing the transit of rags and beggary on the one hand, and the princely splendor on the other, and listening to a noise of carriages, sufficient to confound the universe, began to feel all the desolation of strangers at an inn.

"I'm so tired!" said Julia.

"I wish I had something to do!" said her father. He rang for the waiter. "Is there any thing to be seen this morning, any public exhibition fit for ladies?"

"O yes, sir, plenty; there's five men to be angled, hand ha boxing-match for a thousand guineas aside, a few miles hout hov town."

"Hum—not exactly the sort of amusement for ladies," said Mr. Earle.

"Not amusement for ladies, sir, the first ladies hin the city went to see Mr. Fauntleroy hin jail, hand hat the *drop*; hand the Dutchess hof **** won ha undred guineas hon Crib hin his last fight with Molyneux." So saying he departed, grumbling to himself, "Sich nobility! hi dare say they hare nothing but Hirish."

After a day of most desperate *ennui*, they went to the theatre. It was during the famous war of O. P. and N. P. and John Bull was in all his glory. Such hissing and howling and catcalling and caterwauling was never before heard in such an enlightened city as London. The actors were pelted off the stage, & Julia was almost frightened out of her wits.

"What in the name of common sense and decency is all this about?" said Mr. Earle to a person in the box.

"About sixpence," replied the gentleman.

"Are you for O. P. or N. P.?" demanded a fellow who came in with a bludgeon, of Mr. Earle.

'Say O. P. or you are a dead man,' whispered the gentleman, and Mr. Earle answered accordingly, whereupon the O. P. man flourished his cudgel, and went away crying 'O. P. for ever.'

'Let us go home, for heaven's sake,' said Julia to her father.

'Won't you stay and see the sport?' said the gentleman.

'Sport,' answered Mr. Earle, 'do you call breaking heads sport?'

'The finest in the world for John Bull,' said the other.

Such a scene of yelling, and scuffling, and hissing, and swearing now commenced, that Mr. Earle hurried his daughter away as fast as possible. When they were safe in the carriage, Julia exclaimed,

'Well, I declare I never saw any thing so vulgar and brutal in America as a London audience at the theatre royal.'

The next morning, as Julia was sitting at the window, killing time, she saw a superb barouche and four, with a gentleman, almost covered with gold lace, sitting in it, and a wassel-faced, hump-backed, servant out of livery, driving.

'Ah!' exclaimed she, unconsciously aloud, 'what a superb equipage!'

'Tis Lord Dowdle's,' said the waiter; just coming in.

'Oh, I was sure it must belong to a nobleman. He has the air noble!'

'He is reckoned the greatest whip in town.'

'The greatest what?'

'The greatest four in hand man, your ladyship. He always drives himself, and makes his coachman take his place in the barouche.'

'Impossible! a nobleman with a hump on his back.'

'It is true, I assure your ladyship. The man in the barouche is my own brother.'

Julia began to lose her faith in the air noble, and a little more experience destroyed it entirely. She afterwards saw a great many lords and ladies, that could not be distinguished from any ordinary people by their air or manner.

I declare, thought she, there is hardly any difference between the well-bred people at home and the well-bred people here, who could have thought it!

But she found a vast difference between the common people of one country and those of the other. In America they were almost all in the enjoyment of the rational comforts of life; in London they were hungry and discontented, and consequently profligate. In America they could almost all read and write; in London the largest portion could neither do the one nor the other. In America the familiarity of the common people, was the mere consciousness of equal rights and independence; in London it was impudence, rudeness and stupidity.

'Well, I declare,' said Julia one day to her father, 'I declare, papa, I don't think the people of England are half as civilized as our countrymen.'

'Nor I,' answered Mr. Earle, 'Has any one called to see you to-day?'

'No,' answered the young lady sighing.

'I wonder what has become of the Marquis of T. and Lord A. and Lord B. and General C. and the rest of them that used to dine with us so often at home?' said Mr. Earle.

'I dare say they don't know we are in town,' replied Julia, 'and yet it's very odd if they don't. Every body knew when we were in town at home.'

The next day, or, at any rate, very shortly after this conversation, as the old gentleman and his daughter were walking in Regent St. they saw the Marquis of T. approaching arm in arm with two gentlemen.

'I declare, pa,' cried Julia, delighted, 'here comes the Marquis! now we shall have some one to escort us every where. You know how attentive he was to me.'

But all at once the Marquis seemed to recollect something he had forgot. He stopped suddenly, turned round on his heel, and bolted

round the corner with a precipitation that betokened some very pressing business.

'What a pity,' said Julia, 'I dare say he has left his pocket handkerchief at home.'

'You are mistaken my dear,' said Mr. Earle, 'it is another specimen of the hospitality of old England.'

This was destined to be an eventful morning. Scarcely had the Marquis disappeared, when my lady A. came driving along in an open landau. Mr. Earle bowed low, and Julia still lower. Her ladyship took out her quizzing glass, levelled it full at them, and passed on with a contemptuous toss of her head.

'Another specimen of old English hospitality!' cried Mr. Earle.

'I declare yonder comes General C. who spent a month with us at Elmwood. I'm sure he will be delighted to see us.'

At that moment General C. seemed as if he had just discovered that he was marching up to a loaded cannon. He looked every way but towards Julia, and at length, in imitation of my lord marquis, made a most masterly retreat round a corner and disappeared. General C. was famous for retrograde movements, but he never made one equal to this.

'Poor gentleman!' exclaimed Julia, he has left his pocket handkerchief home too—or perhaps his spectacles.'

'You are mistaken, my dear,' said Mr. Earle, 'it is another exemplification of the hospitality of old England.'

These dead cuts mortified Julia and irritated her father. They began to think of a trip to the country. The old gentleman had no opportunity of making a good speculation, and the young lady despaired of making the conquest of a lord. They began to throw out hints of being actually tired of London, as if such a thing were possible! The next day there happened two miracles—the sun shone bright, and my Lady A. paid a visit to our heroine.

Nothing could be so civil in this world as my Lady A.; and Julia was delighted. Her ladyship would take no denial—they must go down with her into the country, and spend a month at least, if not the whole summer. She took Julia in her landau to the Park.

'What a pity nobody sees me!' thought Julia. But the hour was so very unfashionable that they could see nobody but nurses and children.

They accompanied Lady A. to her superb castle. Only think, said Julia to herself, of actually living in a castle! The first thing she did was to write to a hundred and fifty friends in America, to tell them that she was living in a castle seven hundred years old, with four turrets and a rookery. The letters were all kindly franked by his lordship—for Lady A. had a husband, although by her behavior and conversation nobody would have suspected it. The very next London packet brought out twenty married ladies, and twice as many young ones, who had not been able to sleep a wink after receiving letters from Julia dated in an old castle & franked by a lord.

Nothing could equal the amiable attentions of my lady to Julia, and of my lord to her father. He took the old gentleman all round his estates, and showed him all his improvements.

'Your lordship must have a great income,' said Mr. Earle.

'A trifle—about—let me see—about thirty thousand a year. But I can hardly live upon it. A nobleman is obliged to support a certain style—you know—to keep up a certain establishment—you know—to have certain equipages—you know—and a certain retinue of servants—you know, my dear Earle.'

'My dear Earle!' echoed the old gentleman, mentally, and rubbing his hands. 'What a pity they can't hear all this in *** street! I am resolved they shall hear it however.—I'll tell them the story the very first dinner I give.'

'Would you believe it, my dear Earle—I am in want of a few thousand at this moment.'

The harvest is not yet in, and my tenantry are not yet ready with their rents—and besides, I'd sooner eat my fingers than distress the poor fellows—you know, my dear Earle.'

'My dear Earle,' repeated thus three times, melted the heart of the old gentleman.

'I have a credit on the house of Baringtons for any sum I please,' said he, in a faltering voice, as if fearful of offending his lordship. 'If your lordship would—'

'My dear Earle—my dear friend, say no more, I accept your offer. We understand each other, and I am a man of few words.'

So saying he squeezed the old gentleman's hand so hard that he squeezed out an order on his banker for five thousand pound sterling.

'I'll give you my acknowledgement,' said his lordship, squeezing his hand again, and calling him 'his dear friend.'

'It would be presumption in me to deal with your lordship as I would with a common man of business—let it be a debt of honor.'

'My dear Earle, you are one of nature's noblemen,' cried his lordship warmly, and he squeezed his hand again, as if he expected to squeeze out of it another five thousand.

But his Lordship had read the fable of the goose that laid a golden egg every day, and was cautious to not press the matter too far. He went on cautiously till by degrees he squeezed about ten thousand more, when the old gentleman began to find both his credit and his patience nearly exhausted. The harvest had come in and the tenants paid their rents, but still his lordship talked not of paying his debt. Nay, he made another dead point, but it failed.

'My dear Earle,' said he one day; 'my dear Earle, I am almost ashamed, but if you would spare me another five thousand I will pay the whole next week, or the week after certainly. The proceeds of an estate in Ireland will be remitted by that time as I am advised by this letter from my agent,' and he took out a letter—'um—um—ah! yes! the week after next certainly.'

'My lord,' quoth Mr. Earle, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. 'My lord—I—I—my credit on the banker—hem—I fear I can't spare the sum till I—I—see my banker.'

His lordship saw that he had killed the goose that laid the golden egg every day.

'O never mind, never mind—my—sir—never mind—I can do without it.'

This time he forgot to squeeze the hand of the old gentleman, and call him 'my dear Earle.' He went out without asking his company as usual.

'Pa,' said Julia, a day or two after—'pa, what is the matter—Lady A. is not half so civil as she was!'

'Nor Lord A. neither,' quoth Mr. Earle. 'I believe they are tired of us.'

'I believe so too.'

'Let us go back to London.'

'Agreed, but what shall we do there?'

'Go back to America, pa.'

'With all my heart—I'm tired of England.'

'And so am I, pa,' and Julia sighed at the emptiness of human anticipations.

They announced their intention, and strange as it may seem, neither her ladyship nor my lord made the least opposition.

'You know your own business best,' said my lord.

'And do just as you like,' said my lady.

What was most remarkable, his lordship said not a word about the money. 'I dare say he has forgot it,' thought the old gentleman; 'but I shall put him in mind when I get to London.' Accordingly he wrote a letter, to which he received no reply. He wrote a second, which shared the same fate. He wrote a third, it was returned in an envelope, with a notice from the steward that my lord and his lady had gone on the grand tour.

'I'll swinge the rascal!' cried Mr. Earle. Only think of his calling Lord A. a peer of the realm, a rascal!

'You can't swinge him,' said the lawyer to whom Mr. Earle used his threat. 'He is

a peer, and privileged against arrest. No supplicative can be granted against him; no capias or exigent can be sued out against him for debt or trespass, nor can any *essoign* lie against a peer of the realm.'

'Then I'll levy on his estates,' said Mr. Earle.

'You can't,' said the lawyer; 'his estates are all entailed.'

'I'll sue out a statute of outlawry.'

'You can't in a civil action against a peer.'

'Then I'll advertise him for a swindler.'

'That would be *scan. mag.* and you'd be brought before the chief justice. The law presumes that a peer of the realm can neither be guilty of falsehood, nor malice, and whoever says so, is guilty of *scandalum magnatum.*'

'Then I've lost my money,' cried Mr. Earle, in a melancholy strain.

'Exactly,' said the lawyer, who never wasted words, except he was paid for it.

The lawyer pocketed his fee, and Mr. Earle pocketed his losses. He went home without his cash, and with the consolation that he had been a grateful fool.

'What will they say of me in *** street! I shall be sung about the town in ballads.'

'What is the matter, pa?' said Julia. 'I do believe you want excitement.'

'Not—I want to go home.'

'So do I—I'm tired of London.'

'So am I.'

'But it was delightful at the castle, wasn't it pa?'

'Not very,' said Mr. Earle.

'I had like to have lost my heart to his lordship.'

'And I lost my money,' quoth Mr. Earle, to Mr. Earle, aside.

They sailed a day or two after in the packet, and arrived at home without any accident. Every body came to see them and ask about London. Julia talked about nothing but Lord A.'s great castle, and the charming hospitality of the noble couple. She did not know how dearly his lordship had charged them for their board. The old gentleman always oemmed and fidgetted about when Julia talked away in this manner. He never told the story of my Lord A. calling him 'my dear Earle,' nor was he so proud of his intimacy with that nobleman as might be expected.—Julia, sometime after her return, married a young man of merit, and we are happy to say that having sown her wild-oats, she is now the respectable wife of a respectable young man, the happy mother of two children, and never complains of WANT OF EXCITEMENT.

An Ice Boat has been recently fitted up by Capt. Brown of Boston, and has for several days past, been plying in the harbor. It is of very simple construction, its runners being three pieces of small joist, connected by cross pieces and braces, on which are supported seats for a few passengers, and two canvass sails. It steers easily, and before the wind, it will, with a good breeze, move at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The committee on education in the Pennsylvania Legislature have made a long report on the subject. The report states, that of four hundred thousand children between the ages of five and fifteen years, resident in Pennsylvania, it is estimated that more than two hundred and fifty thousand have not been within the walls of a school during the last year, and speaks trumpet-tongued of the necessity of a general system of education.

Not bad at all.—A person stepped into our office a few days since, and very good humoredly accosted us—'Does thee know my wife Beccy?' We told him we did not. 'Well,' he continued, 'she's a most desperate *ornery* woman.' To our inquiry, why he married her, if such was the case, he replied, 'Because she makes such good apple-dumplings.'

Winter, both from our observation, and from the predictions of those who have a right to be versed in these matters, we infer, must be about breaking up; but without some powerful and unusual movements we can hardly expect to be entirely rid of snow before the middle of June.

THE GATHERER.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

FEBRUARY 14TH.

St. Valentine was a Presbyter of the Church, who was beheaded in the time of Claudius the Emperor; but there is no occurrence in the legendary life of this Saint, in the slightest degree connected with the customs which have long been observed on this day; though Wheatley, in his illustrations of the Common Prayer, informs us, that he "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival (which is still practised) took its rise from thence."

It is a very general custom, of doubtful origin, but of great antiquity for young people to draw lots on the eve of Valentine's day: the names of a select number of one sex are put into some vessel out of which each person draws one, which is called their Valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards.

This custom of choosing Valentines was a sport practised in the houses of the gentry of England, as early as the year 1476; and John Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, alludes to it in a poem written by him in praise of Queen Catharine.

In Lord North's Forest of Varieties, in a letter to his brother, he says—"A lady of wit and qualitie, whom you well know, would never put her chance of a Valentine, saying she would never couple herself but by choice. The custom and charge of Valentines is not ill left with many other such costly and idle customs, which by a tacit general consent, we lay down as absolute."

The "charge" and "costly custom" here mentioned, most probably refers to the making of presents on this day, which the learned Morison tells us was frequent.

The custom of drawing for Valentines is still observed in the northern counties of England, where also the first woman seen by a man, or man seen by a woman on St. Valentine's day, is marked for their Valentine for the ensuing year. The rural tradition that, on this day, every bird chooses its mate, is alluded to by Chaucer and numerous other writers.

Shakespeare, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, says—

"Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now."
And Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, has the following:—

"To his Valentine, on St. Valentine's day."
"Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say,
Birds chose their mates, and couple too this day;
But, by their flight I never can divine,
When I shall couple with my Valentine."

But the prettiest allusion to this tradition, is in the following *Jeu d'esprit*: To Dorinda, on Valentine's day—

Look how, my dear, the feather'd kind,
By mutual caresses join'd,
Bill, and seem to teach us two,
What we to love and custom owe.
Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give,
But ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coolly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain;
Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name."

Misson, in his *Travels in England*, says—"On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's day, a time when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks in England and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and bachelors, get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate bil-

lets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the gifts upon a young man which she calls her's. By this means, each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that is fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen."

There is another kind of Valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day.

Gay has left us a poetical description of some rural ceremonies used on the morning of this day in this time:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do.)
The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be."

And in the *Connoisseur* we have the following account of a curious species of divination practised on St. Valentine's day—

"The customs of St. Valentine's day seem at present confined to that of young people sending complimentary or satirical letters to their acquaintance, sometimes accompanied with a caricature engraving, and to such an extent is this custom carried, that in London alone, the increase of two penny post letters on St. Valentine's day, in 1721, exceeded two hundred thousand."

MISCELLANY.

POUND CAKE.—After a minute inquiry into the causes of the unhappiness which is too frequently to be met with in the married state, an ingenious correspondent thinks that he has discovered the principal one in the consumption of that indigestible compound, yclep'd pound cake, at the wedding supper, and during the feasting which succeeds. When we recollect that it is the opinion of some great philosophers, that the disposition of a man, good or bad, is influenced, in a very great degree, by the nature of his food, and the state of his digestion, we feel somewhat inclined to admit the justness of our correspondent's conclusion. Wedding cake, he observes, is compounded of as many noxious and heterogeneous articles as were included in Pandora's box; he would, therefore, suggest, that it should in future be called a pandoriad. The sorceresses, in preparing the pandoriad, use many magical incantations, and then finish the outside with a meretricious medley, which is mistaken by the credulous consumers for a mere innocent ornament, but which is, in reality, a close imitation of the Obi of African enchanters, from whom it was no doubt borrowed.—There are a dozen of principal ingredients in these compositions, each of which, though harmless, or even nutritious, when separate, becomes extremely virulent, when by the cook they are magically combined. No sooner is the pandoriad devoured, which, from the quantity made, occupies weeks, than its direful effects are witnessed! The sugar was only a covering to the carbonised surface, the eating of which discovers itself in the honied terms of my love and my dear, that are at first all sweetness, but soon discover the crust humor beneath. Then, too, the brandy, which was blended with the other articles, shows its effect on the unruly spirit of the surly husband; while the eggs, which, if the course of nature had not been interrupted, would have produced chickens, create in the wife such a disposition to pecking, that her mate often becomes, alas! before the honey-moon has waned, completely hen-pecked. The citron, too, is at once an emblem, and a provocative of the green-eyed monster, Jealousy! Let every new married couple beware of the consequences, when they incautiously admit the pandoriad poundcake as ingredient in their wedding festival.—*Journal of Health.*

SILESIAN GIRL.—During the seven years' war, the Prussians, at some critical periods, to support the sinking fortunes of their enterprising monarch, were of a nature truly astonishing; but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals, to repel the invasion of the French in 1813. An anecdote of a Silesian girl is recorded, which serves in a striking manner to show the general feeling which pervaded the country. Whilst her neighbors and family were contributing in different ways to the expense of the war, she was for some time in the greatest distress at her inability to manifest her patriotism, as she possessed nothing that she could dispose of for that purpose. At length the idea struck her, that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning for Breslau, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars. The hairdresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments; and as the story became public, he in the end, sold so many, that he was enabled by this fair maiden's locks alone, to give \$200 to the exigencies of the state.

DUELING.—A Mr. Hamilton, an Irish gentleman, has addressed a petition to the King, praying his Majesty to immortalize his reign by taking the subject of duelling into his consideration. The petition states some extraordinary facts. Mr. Hamilton says he can produce four modern newspapers, in which twelve fatal meetings are announced; that before Capt. Sandys shot Mr. Kernan, he had already killed or wounded thirteen adversaries in as many combats; that Major S—d challenged eight officers and wounded four of them in a single day; and that George Robert Fitzgerald was introduced to the King of France as an Irishman, who had previously fought six and twenty fatal duels. That an officer who collected the reports of one hundred and seventy cases, found sixty-three individuals were killed and ninety-six wounded; and that your petitioner has collected several thousand cases in which the disastrous termination bears an adequate proportion. That constituted as society at present is, the noblemen and gentlemen of the United Kingdom have no adequate security against a challenge or an offence. Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Captain Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr. Fetherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an "acre of anchovies."

That petitioner knows an officer who was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy a second goblet, and another who was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; that General Barry was challenged by a Capt. Smith, for declining a glass of wine with him at dinner in a steam boat, although the General had pleaded in excuse that wine invariably made him sick at sea. That in London, Dublin, and other cities, there are public places of resort, for practising to shoot at marks with pistols; that the duellists of America and France are introducing rifle-barrelled weapons, which inflict most dangerous wounds; and that English noblemen and gentlemen residing in the latter place have begun to copy their example.

The remedy Mr. Hamilton proposes is the establishment of a Court of Honor, for the reparation of grievances too delicate for common law, such as formerly existed in England, and has been lately established in Prussia, Bavaria, and other Continental States; and that duelling should be punished by heavy pecuniary fines, part to go to the poor of the parish, and part to the persons by whom duellists are interrupted or arrested; and that all duellists should be excluded from the drawing-rooms and levees, and the survivors of fatal duels incapacitated to hold any honorable, confiden-

tial, or lucrative situation in the public service; to vote at any election; to follow the learned, military, or naval professions; to receive any legacy, premium or insurance; or to appear at any public entertainment.

SLEEP WALKER.—A young man by the name of Isaac Chandler, residing in Eryeburg, Maine, got up in his sleep, went about half a mile to a neighbor's barn, procured a cord and bundle of hay, and carried them into the woods at a considerable distance from the house.—He then ascended a maple tree with the cord and hay: after reaching the height of 28 feet, he placed the hay in a crotch of the tree, ascended about 6 feet higher, tied the cord to a limb, and then fastened it round his ancles, after which he swung off head foremost, so that his head touched the top of the hay. In this horrid situation he awoke, and with his cries roused the nearest neighbors, who directed their course to the place from whence the noise proceeded. It was about the break of day when they arrived there, when, to their astonishment, they found the young man in the situation described, suspended by the heels 34 feet in the air. A number of attempts were made to climb the tree to extricate him, but it being large, without any limbs near the bottom, and the bark smooth, they proved ineffectual; and he, after becoming composed enough to relieve his situation, recovered his former posture on the limb, from which he made his descent, loosened the cord and came down, much to the satisfaction of himself and friends. Since the above took place, he has been confined to the house in consequence of the lameness occasioned by the great exertion he must have made in accomplishing so curious a midnight enterprise.—There are more than twenty who can attest to the foregoing relation as strictly true.—*Brunswick Maine, Herald.*

THIN SHOES.—Caligula once wished that the Romans had but one head, that he might strike it off at a blow. Had I the power of the Roman Emperor, I would exert it in a way more beneficial to mankind—or rather womankind. I would forbid under a heavy penalty any female appearing out of doors in thin shoes. Such is the influence of fashion, that for the sake of having, or appearing to have, a small foot, a lady will promenade the streets when the side-walks are covered with ice, snow and water, and her own feet barely covered with shoes thinner than paper. No wonder that consumption is the lot—the untimely lot—of so many of the young, the beautiful and accomplished of the American fair—no wonder that clad so lightly they are unable to withstand the inclemencies of a climate against which the stoutest constitutions are not proof. Nature clothes the brute creation in garments suited to the season, but art dresses our ladies on a system diametrically opposite. Surely if the latter could examine the bills of mortality, and see how many of their number are victims of fashion, they would be startled, if not admonished by the fact.

"OH, THE WOES OF A WEDDED LIFE."—The old bachelors of England have clubbed together in order to gather up facts for a work on "Matrimonial Statistics." We agree with Governor Pope of Arkansas, in denouncing the state of "single blessedness," and in consigning all the old bachelors to misery; yet we would not prevent these destitute mortals from deriving all the happiness they can from the imaginary unhappiness of others. The following they contend is a fair statement of matrimony in some of the principal towns in England, in 1829:—Wives eloped, 1132; Husbands run away, 2347; Legally divorced, 3175; Husbands and wives that exhibit to the world the most perfect *Paradise* in public, calling each other "My beloved Sophia, My kind Charles, My charming Editha," &c. but who pinch and scratch each other all night, 6934; Living in open hostility, 17,345; Secretly discontented, 13,279; Mutually indifferent, 55,240; Passing for happy, 27; Hardly happy, 14; Truly happy, 5; Total, 100,000. Appalling! appalling! only five out of one hundred thousand!!!

LITERARY.

It appears by an extract from a letter written by Baron Humboldt and published in Scotland, that the above enterprising traveller has visited the gold mines which abound in the North of Russia. He says, "We spent a month in visiting the gold mines of Borissook, and were astonished at the *pepitas* (water-worn masses) of gold from two to three pounds, and even from eighteen to twenty pounds, found a few inches below the turf, where they had lain unknown for ages. The gold annually procured from the whole of the washings amounts to six thousand killogrames. Now it should be borne in mind that this estimate relates but to two districts, and yet it exceeds that of any two similar mines in South America. With the auriferous sand are found grains of cinnabar, native copper, and a variety of precious stones."

It is not a little remarkable, that we have not one really operative, workmanlike, bard left us in the present day. All our poets have either become (shame that we should say it!) prosers; or else, most ingloriously mute. Sir Walter Scott shows no symptom of return to rhyme—Campbell has given us nothing for years—Moore is writing the Life of Byron and the History of Ireland—Southey employs his plastic pen in every kind of composition but verse—Wordsworth and Coleridge say nothing at all—and Miss Landon and Edwin Atherstone are respectively busied in the production of prose romances.

A Geographical and Topographical work on the Canadas and the other British North American Provinces, with extensive maps, by Lieut. Col. Bouchette, the Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, is, we understand, now in the press, and the maps under the hands of eminent engravers.

M. von Hammer has lately published a *History of the raising the first siege of Vienna by the Turks*, compiled from various narratives of both Turks and Christians hitherto unpublished, and published in celebration of the 300th anniversary of that event. This, no doubt, must be regarded as an episode of the author's great *History of the Ottoman Empire*. The sixth volume of that work, bringing it down to the year 1699, has been recently published.

The number of books published in France during the year 1820, was 7823, and that of engravings and lithographic prints was 840. In the months of August and September last, it is said, that in consequence of the excitement of politics, not half the usual number of new works was published in Paris.

A new religious periodical has been announced at Paris under the title of *Annals of Christian Philosophy*, the object of which is to collect and publish all the proofs and discoveries which human science, and particularly history, antiquities, astronomy, geology, natural history, botany, physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, medicine, and jurisprudence, contain in favor of Christianity. It will appear in monthly numbers in large 8vo.

The Biography of *Lord Rodney* is published.—The admiral's son-in-law, General Mundy, has prepared it from papers, correspondence, &c.

Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq. announces a Poem on the French Revolution, 1830, illustrated by wood cuts, from designs by George Cruikshank.

The first volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, will be Captain Sherer's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*. The second, a work entitled *The French Revolution in 1830*, by T. B. Mauley, Esq., M. P.

Captain Abercromby Trant is preparing a Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830.

The author of "Anastasis," Mr. Hope, has a new work nearly printed, *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*.

The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge propose to publish, four times in the year,

a sixpenny pamphlet, to be called "The Poor Man's Companion." It will be replete with matter of a kind likely to be practically useful to the poor; such as directions for saving fuel, training animals, &c. &c.

Four volumes of Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell are printed. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Stowell have contributed much information to the Editor.

Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because, is announced by the Editor of "Laconics."

Mr. D. Turner is preparing for publication the Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq.

Attempts in Verse, by John Jones and old servant, with some account of the author, and an introductory essay and the lives and works of uneducated poets, by Dr. Southey, is shortly expected. This is a work quite in Southey's own way, and will no doubt be interesting.

Mr. Corkindale has a volume of poetry in press, to be called *Lays of Genius*.

A Mr. Falconer has lately endeavored to shew the world that a certain Mr. Wray, never heard of before that we are aware of, was the author of the famous *Letters of Junius*.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie has nearly ready for publication, the *Romantic Annals of France*, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth inclusive; forming the new series of the *Romance of History*.

The *Adventures of Finati*, the Guide of Mr. William Banks, in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, have been arranged for publication by that gentleman.

The *Gentleman in Black*, illustrated by George Cruikshank, will soon make its appearance.

The author of "The Templars" has a new work in the press, entitled *Arthur of Brittany*.

Dr. R. Wheatley has a work nearly ready, entitled the *Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature*.

The authoress of the *Hungarian Tales*, has nearly ready a Historical Romance, entitled the *Tuileries*, connected with the period of the French Revolution.

Mr. Carne's new work, the *Exiles of Palestine*, a tale of the Holy Land, is written from actual observation.

A *Life of the Marquis of Londonderry* is preparing for the press.

Eggs were sold in Philadelphia on Saturday at half a dollar the dozen.

The case of the Ninth Presbyterian Church in Thirteenth street, terminated on Saturday morning; verdict in favor of the plaintiffs.

Commodore Sinclair died at Norfolk on the 7th instant, and was buried on the 9th, with the honors of war.

The desire to see Master Burke in Boston is so great that the boxes have been disposed of at auction. On Tuesday one half the boxes were sold at public sale for the eighth night of his engagement, and brought a minimum of 176 dollars above the usual price.

A petition is before the Legislature of New York for the establishment of a *Poor Man's Bank*. It seems a contradiction in words. But the object appears to be to get a charter for a Pawnbroker's Institution.

The Municipal Committee of Paris has nearly terminated its detailed examination of the facts of the revolution; the latest return is 1,162 killed among the people alone, and more than 3000 wounded.

A letter from London states that the Siamese Youths would leave London for New York, in the packet of the middle of January. To use the writer's phraseology, "they have had a tremendous run in London."

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 5.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—There are so many stores and shops now employed in catering for the tastes of young ladies, with Scrap books and fancy pictures to be pasted and varnished over, with all the etcetera of "tinted music," rice paper, and so forth, that we are led to believe the ladies spend very large sums of money, in the aggregate, on these and similar matters. This we are not about to object to, but merely to embody a few thoughts on "female accomplishments."

Shall we be stared at if we assert that to render women superficial triflers is, in nine cases out of ten, the aim, or at least the end of modern education? We wage no war with fashionable accomplishments; they are great embellishers of life, but we are sorry to see them weighed against the *essentials* of education; and when vanity holds the scales, there is little question on which side she will turn the balance. Hence mothers will rather see their daughters good dancers, than good arithmeticians, or in fact unacquainted with figures of any kind except those of the cotillion. The young lady who can perform with wonderful execution on the harp or piano, is very likely incapable of reading a page of poetry or prose with feeling or judgment.—Her urn rugs and scrap books will be as beautiful as fine worsted and fine *purchased* prints can make them; but if a necessity arises for writing a letter out of the usual track, her uncultivated mind refuses to yield her an idea. Let us pursue such an individual through the probable changes of life.

She enters on the world in the bloom of youth and beauty, perfect mistress in the art of self-decoration, in the study and acquirement of which, she is not, herself, aware how sedulously she has cultivated that rank weed, *vanity*.—As all her acquirements are for the purpose of *display*, not for a resource for her solitary or domestic hours, home is merely the workshop of her vanity. Here she invents, superintends and perhaps makes, (for vanity will labor for vanity's sake) the dress in which she means to exhibit at the next assembly; practises her steps, to say nothing of other airs and graces, and familiarises herself with some difficult piece of music to be played at sight. In the mean time, all the nobler duties of life are lost sight of. Every petty vexation is magnified into a serious misfortune; a shade of difference in matching her sash or trimmings, is enough to put her out of temper.

The ball-room discloses a secret—here she meets others who have made as great an exertion to please, and where she expected only admiration, she meets *rivalry*. What is now to become of the good humor which is built on so slight a foundation? Envy and ill-will gain admittance into the breast where there is so much to invite and so little to repel them. This woman becomes a wife. How little has her previous habits fitted her for domestic management and economy; duties which a woman of sense can at once render honorable and delightful.—Her husband's accounts must necessarily be beyond the reach of one who can scarcely conduct the detail of her household expenditure.—She is incapable of giving her partner advice in any difficulty—in sickness he has no help-mate to refer to, and should death suddenly snatch him away, the understanding of his affairs is a matter utterly beyond her reach of thought.—Married people must have some hours in which they must be dependent on the pleasures of each others' society. United to a man who seeks to enjoy life rationally, she will often find him pre-

ferring his own fire-side to the bustle of public places. He will then sound the depth of her understanding, and discover the resources of her mind; the flippant railery, and pretty nothings that once passed current, the change of their relative situation no longer admits of. The cant of public amusements, and the worn out criticisms on the aspirants for theatrical fame, may serve to fill the gaps of general conversation, but *here* it cannot be turned to account.

Imagine the insipidity of such a scene, and blame the husband if you can, who avoids its recurrence, by seeking society with whom he can interchange ideas. Marriage rends the veil that beauty has worn in the days of courtship; and when no latent virtue or talent is found to counterbalance the faults which must come to light, can we wonder at the result?

We at length behold her a mother; how inadequate to that important post! Obligated to employ others in the charge that should be exclusively her own, and often perverting and corrupting the very minds, which, though she cannot form, she will not entirely surrender her power over; she makes them like herself, the children of vanity and imbecility. And what does old age bring to one whose happiness rested on what that period must inevitably deprive her of? When the smooth and blooming cheek is pale and shrivelled, the brilliant eye dim, the elastic step changed to the slow pace of infirmity—how great is her desolation! The garrulity of age will hardly be pardoned in one whose youthful nonsense was *only* bearable. To her the young cannot look up as an instructress, nor the aged seek her as a companion. Her relations may tolerate her—but in all probability her chief, nay, her only resource from the emptiness of her mind, will be that specious idleness—*cards*.

We are likely to incur the charge of severity—but in describing a single class, by no means small, we know that the resemblance will be felt and acknowledged by most. To conclude—if we shall not be charged with *prescribing* to others, we shall state briefly in what we would have female education to consist. All labor may be said to be lost on a mind in which the ground-work of religion and morality is not first laid. On *that*, a superstructure can be raised proportionate to the capacity; without *that*, every thing is unstable. Then we would see the *useful* in education attended to—let them read well, and understand what they read, and teach them to reflect on it, which is to knowledge what digestion is to food. Let them write a neat, legible hand, and be able to express their ideas distinctly; and let their knowledge of arithmetic extend at least to the Rule of Three and Book-keeping. The third and last point then, is the elegant accomplishments, which should be proportioned to the station and prospects of the pupil. Among the first class of accomplishments, we would range reading with elegance and expression. Composition in all its branches, especially letter-writing, and the art of conversation, all of which the gentler sex are calculated to excel in to an eminent degree.

A young man of Boston, named Alexander Hopkins, who had for sometime lived on indifferent terms with his wife, was so much provoked, some days ago, with her refusing to walk with him, and choosing to go to a cotillion party, that on her returning late into the kitchen of her father's house, into which he had got, he beat her with a smoothing iron so severely that her recovery is considered doubtful. He has been twice brought up before the Police Court, and stands committed at present for want of sureties to the amount of \$5000. Should the woman die within a year and day, from the effects of the assault, he will be tried for the capital offence.

A CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Mr. Peale of the Museum, is preparing a railroad and locomotive engine with a car attached, on a very pretty plan. The road, which is half completed, is very strong, and will extend the entire circle of the rooms. Round it the visitors will be transported at a most rapid rate by a little model engine of exquisite workmanship, which we have had the pleasure of inspecting at the unrivalled magazine of neat workmanship in Minor Street, under the superintendence of Mr. M. Baldwin, who as a machinist, has few equals in this or any other country. When completed, which will shortly be the case, the Museum will no doubt be crowded by visitors. We cannot refrain from paying a passing tribute to the indefatigable zeal and industry, as well as taste and judgment which characterise the management of the institution.

A correspondent whom we esteem, has sent us rather a flippant article on the subject of Theatres, in which he reprehends theatrical exhibitions altogether, and asks us to assist him in the vain scheme of turning the money spent in this way, into a channel of charity.—Nobody could more strongly appreciate the miserable state of that mind who is forced nightly to a theatre for its amusement; but on that account we are not to condemn an occasional visit. We pity the man who, through poverty, cannot find warmth at his own fire-side; but we pity him more, who, through poverty of thought, cannot find happiness there.

We are constantly asked "what does the Siamese Elephant do?" We shall answer, by going over a little of the play for the benefit of those of our readers at a distance, who are not able to spend an evening in the place where Elephants are worshipped. The play is an exceedingly silly one, and is called "The Elephant of Siam and the Fire Fiend." The first scene discloses a member of the Zoological Society (Mr. J. Fisher) in the East Indies in search of Elephants, in which capacity he finds himself in a den belonging to the Fire Fiend, who at the instigation of a distressed lover, appears at this moment with his satellites in a blaze of red fire, giving Mr. Fisher an opportunity to throw out his first pun, that this is the strangest light he ever saw thrown upon a subject, and so forth. Each fire fiend carries a torch of burning alcohol in his hat and hand, all which is mightily relished by the audience. Then there is any quantity of nonsense about wives, &c. &c. tending to lengthen the piece and keep the Elephant out of sight. At last she appears at the back of the stage, and takes a couple of letters from a distressed princess as gracefully as could be desired. In another scene she locks a fellow up in a tomb, and then we have her highness brought out to the centre of the stage to eat, surrounded by the Court of Siam. A table, with a bell raised on a pole, having a rope attached to it, stands before her, and the attendants pass her apples and bread on a plate. These disappear in a twinkling, and the bell-rope is pulled by the Elephant as nicely as by any drawing-room lady. The joke of this scene consists in the avidity with which the monster goes from eating to the bell-rope. After some time spent in this interesting manner, she is indulged with two bottles of a liquid resembling wine, the corks of which she draws, and after emptying the content into her trunk, it is carried gracefully to her mouth. After wiping with a napkin, and fanning herself, she walks quietly away. A plot for the crown of Siam is next decided by the Elephant, who, marching in during a battle, takes the crown from one head and places it on another; at this proceeding there is murmuring among the soldiers, and to save her favorite, she takes

him by the waist and bears him triumphantly off the stage over the heads of the soldiers.

This is about the amount of her genius; after once seeing the pageant (which is richly dressed with London spangles and tinsel) it is a very dull business, as there is no variety either in the performance or the jokes. It must be an equally dull joke indeed, for the performers to say and do the same things twelve nights in succession! We presume those who play the blackies do not take the trouble to wash their faces from day to day—it would be extremely troublesome to clean the face from burnt cork every twenty-four hours.

It is understood that the owners of the Elephant receive \$450 per night for her performances—twelve nights would give \$5400—enough money to endow a charity school, and set up the widows' asylum for half a century. But people will have the worth of their money, and here they get it, with a smell of gunpowder and sulphur for nothing.

Mrs. French, who made her first appearance at this theatre on Monday, created a very favorable impression of her talents.

CONJURORS.—We have witnessed sundry and varied tricks of sleight of hand, but the following instance, which we shall abridge and give our authority, rather exceeds any we remember to have read of, much less to have witnessed.—It is related in a recent publication called the "Literary Recollections of the Rev. Richard Warner," a book of undoubted authority and value. He was an acquaintance of the celebrated Warren Hastings, and their conversation happening to turn on the jugglers of India, the author asked Mr. Hastings whether he had ever witnessed any of their feats, for which he had been unable to account on those principles which are usually applied to their explanation. He acknowledged that he had frequently seen such singular deceptions by these men as he would not venture to relate in general society, for fear of a suspicion of his veracity; and that once a trick had been performed in his presence, the mode of doing which he had never been able to conjecture. At an entertainment by an Indian potentate, a party of jugglers formed one feature of the amusements. One of the conjurers bore on his shoulders a large wicker basket, which was exhibited to the spectators perfectly empty. After shaking it in their presence, to convince them that nothing was within it, he inverted the basket, and placed it with its opening on the ground. Certain jabberings now succeeded, when the juggler lifted up the basket, and to the astonishment of the spectators, a little black woman was discovered in a sitting posture, who, to convince the company that she was real flesh and blood, started up, performed a Hindoo dance, and then rushing out of the tent, was seen no more. Such an exhibition here, would be very profitable. We recommend the managers who patronize monkeys and Elephants, to import this or a similar "Conjuror."

ADVANTAGES OF CLUBBING.—We find the following singular paragraph in a late London paper:—A large establishment has been projected at Paris for the purpose of enabling any individuals, by the annual payment of 700 francs (about \$140.) to enjoy all the pleasures of social, with all the independence of domestic life. For that sum they are to have lodging, board, clothes and washing; the use of a library, the daily papers, billiard rooms, conversation, &c.—The whole is to be under the management of a committee chosen by themselves. The prospectus even holds out the expectation of a country house, and free admission to the theatres!" Such is the paragraph, and we give it for what

it is worth. We see in it another attempt at a social system, which led numbers in our own country to abandon business and home for a phantasm generated in the brain of a madman. Man is singularly constituted; he is at the same time a social and unsocial animal; his wants make him social, and his antipathies and very nature make him unsocial. To render him agreeable, he must be associated with beings of similar education, and brought up with similar views of things. As a general rule, all schemes which attempt to buckle him to his fellow man, in closer bands than those of consanguinity and the established order of things, must fail. If it were not so, why is it that we see so many single houses built and occupied? Why do not men herd together like other animals, when it is notoriously much cheaper for a number to eat at the same table than at separate boards? Why not take a square in this city and build a large mansion with rooms and halls of convenient dimensions, where thousands might be provided for at an expense now actually employed for fifty? It would be economical surely, and we have thousands who would wish to study that virtue. Or on a smaller scale; why is it so few, except bachelors, choose to live in those excellent boarding houses with which our city abounds? It would be more economical than housekeeping. The answer is at hand; there is the unsocial nature to contend with, the natural love of privacy, which all feel, individually, but do not appreciate for others or even for themselves, till they come to act for themselves. We have had scheme after scheme of this kind, and even now we learn a plan for a "community" in agitation. They have thus far all failed, and they must continue to fail, while the nature of man is in its present unsubdued state. We have little doubt that a scheme for a large boarding house like that in our paragraph, would look well on paper, and really prove a cheap plan; but we have them on a smaller scale, and it would be well therewith to be content.

MORE JUMBLES.—An advertisement from a late London paper—read it—"MATRIMONY.—To girls of fortune. A bachelor, young, amiable, handsome and of good family, and accustomed to move in the highest sphere of society, is embarrassed in his circumstances. Marriage is the only hope of extrication."

Another, from a Philadelphia paper of last Saturday—"Whereas some evil disposed person has caused to be inserted in the daily papers of this city, of the 17th of this present month, that I, the undersigned, was married on Tuesday evening, the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Mead, to Miss Margaret Cruse, of Southwark. Now I declare this to be a wicked and malicious falsehood, and I offer a reward of five dollars to any person who shall give information to me, so that I may prosecute the author."

JOAQUIM BISHOP, 211 Locust St."

Editors continue to evince a very singular fondness for paragraphs relating to suicides.—They should be suppressed as much as possible. The world is no longer divided in opinion as to the respective merits of those who store their heads with knowledge, and those who store them with a bullet.

We hear no more of the project for lighting Philadelphia with gas. If a private company could afford to make the liberal offer they did, surely the Councils should well consider the subject, and either take upon themselves to enlighten us at a cheap rate, or allow others to do so. The "dog in the manger" policy we trust will never characterise us.

LEGAL.

We are under obligations to a correspondent to-day, for some legal reports which we beg him to continue, as they are precisely of a character to be useful and entertaining. Were we at liberty to name the writer, it would not add much to the interest of the reports. He is not the "observed of all observers," and were he seen in an Alderman's office, he would excite no attention; but while others are occupied with their own concerns, he is "observing" what they are about, and packing away in his brain, food for his pen. By attentively marking the faces which human characters put on, he has acquired a peculiar facility in coming at the marrow of a story; from habit he daily strolls into some justice's shop, to while away his time; in this way he has lost his habits of application, but as long as we can stimulate him by a fee, we intend his pen shall work for us. His notes generally omit the name of the Alderman or Justice where the case was brought, but if possible, we shall have this remedied in time.

JOURNEMEN'S WAGES.—The decisions of justice should always be the same, and that which is law to-day, should be law forever. If decisions are founded in equity, they may be adhered to with safety. To a looker-on who is not a nice observer, some of our Aldermen seem to contradict themselves, and determine the same kind of cause different ways. A journeyman blacksmith sued his employer for a week's wages. It was found upon enquiry, that the master, when reckoning with his people on Saturday night, had for want of silver, united two or three together, and paid them in notes, putting the whole into the possession of one of the men. The man with whom the money was deposited, instead of paying each his share, ran away with the whole! Causes like this are of frequent occurrence; and should be determined for the employer or the man, according to one little circumstance. If the master delivers the money to one person, without the consent of the other, the hazard and the loss, if any, must be his. No man can dispose of another's property without his consent. If this steward of an hour pays me, all is well, but if not, my demand lies against the employer, because if this were not the case, a rascally master and man might combine together, and the industrious be deprived of bread without remedy. But on the other hand, if I agree to the disposal to another, to divide with me, the master is clear, and I must look to the man for my share of the money, otherwise two rascally journeymen might combine to cheat their employer, whose property would never be safe. In the present case I was happy to find the Alderman understood the distinction, and finding that the money was delivered with the consent of the man, the cause was dismissed, the costs falling on the suer.

THE COUNTERFEIT NOTE.—Thomas Sampson sent to a neighboring grocer desiring he would change a five dollar note. The grocer, ever willing to oblige his customers, did as he was requested, but it being after candle light, did not at the moment scrutinize the note, but a few moments after the messenger had departed, the note was suspected. On showing it to a broker next morning, it was unhesitatingly pronounced bad, and returned. Sampson alleged it was not his, for it was too bad for any man to take, except a blind one. The grocer in vain demanded a good note—Sampson was firm to his text, and in this state of the business it was brought before a Justice of the Peace for the county. The Justice was puzzled. Like many a man in his situation before, he felt that he was presented with a case beyond his powers. The air, the look, the manner of the

parties, afforded no clue to which was right or which wrong. Neither having a witness (for the messenger had not looked at the note) there was nothing but assertions. The officer was furnished with a cause, but not with any means of determining it. Both parties being known to him, he had no reason to suspect either of falsehood—the scales are exactly even, nothing having occurred in the course of the enquiry, that could preponderate in favor of either.—There was only a narrow foundation, the oath of the plaintiff, an edge-tool which should be used with caution. It may be said to be a species of that barbarous and uncertain custom of trial by combat—in one a man brings down his adversary by fighting, in the other by swearing, but in both cases the merits of a cause lie hid as before.

Justice to the Grocer.—Are you so clear that this is the note you received from Sampson, that you can swear to it?

Grocer.—I am.

Upon this the oath was administered, and the suit was decided in his favor; the officer pocketed his fee—justice was blind-folded—the defendant probably wronged, and another instance afforded of the wisdom of uninstructed office-holders.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TALES OF FRANCE, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Messrs. Carey & Lea have this week published a new work in two volumes, from the pen of Sir Walter, entitled "Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories taken from the History of France," inscribed to his grandson. The introduction, addressed to Master John Hugh Lockhart, is a beautiful and tender lesson of affectionate advice and recognition. We have read a large portion of these most captivating volumes, and have turned to them frequently, at every interval of leisure, anxious to become better acquainted with the early history of that country which now fills so large a space in the public eye. The historical incidents are dressed up in the lively and fascinating attire so peculiarly the gift of the author, and though ostensibly intended for the younger classes, are worthy to be read, and re-read by those of mature years.

The same publishers have issued the "History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan," and in so doing have conferred an acceptable favor on the whole reading community, by placing within their reach a full, accurate, and highly valuable history of a country so recently marked as the scene of a most triumphant revolution.—The Netherlands, (a kingdom not so large as the state of Pennsylvania) with its laws, institutions, population, and early history, are made familiar to the reader; while the sanguinary wars she has witnessed, though narrated a thousand times before, can, since her recent struggle for liberty, be again looked into with fresh interest. The work is beautifully printed, and forms another part of Lardner's popular Cabinet Library.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CURRENCY AND BANKING SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES.—This is a pamphlet of 100 pages from the same press, and comes recommended as very opportune, during the ferment occasioned by the efforts now making to prostrate the U. S. Bank. It was prepared for the American Quarterly Review of last December, but the labor of digesting and condensing several hundred bank returns, proved much greater than had been anticipated.—They have since been carefully examined, and the general results are believed to be as correct as could be expected from the materials on

hand. The writer handles his subject with the mind of a master, and proves conclusively that great and extensive injury would be sustained if this institution were suffered to die a natural death. His pamphlet should be in the hands of every man of business, as a perusal of it will make him familiar with the true merits of a subject which so extensively agitates the public mind.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

Saturday evening was set apart for the benefit of Miss Kelly, who treated her large audience to one of the finest comedies in possession of the stage, in which the sound sense, simplicity, and nature which characterise many of the productions of Goldsmith, are finely observable.—The playing was excellent.

Monday evening afforded the public an opportunity of testifying their approbation of the enterprise and liberality which has marked the management of this concern, and Mr. Lamb has every reason to be satisfied. His benefit drew one of the best houses we have seen this season, and all appeared highly satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

On Tuesday Mr. Dwyer closed his engagement with an appeal to the public. This gentleman possesses a commanding figure, and when he chooses, an easy, graceful address, united with that perfect knowledge of stage-business which is acquired by long experience; yet he mars much that he undertakes, by a furious, incoherent articulation. Instead of uttering no more words than he has breath for, they are forced out with an unceremonious rapidity that leaves him in a state of painful exhaustion—wheezing and puffing—until his audience loses all considerations in the absorbing one of how the gentleman shall recover his wind.

This excessive blustering is the more surprising, as we remember the gentleman some eight or ten years since, a professed teacher of elocution, and if our memory serves a successful one.

Mr. Coyle, another of the managers, put in his claim to public attention on Wednesday evening. Mr. C. as a scene-painter, is unrivalled in this country. His landscapes have a faithfulness in coloring, a delicacy of finish, and an adherence to nature which challenge scrutiny, and bespeak him an artist of distinguished merit. The reinforcement from the "other house"—Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham, Mr. Archer and Mr. Fisher—was a well timed compliment to the beneficiary, and enabled him to vary the entertainments of the evening in a manner acceptable to the audience, which was numerous and respectable.

Mr. Cuddy continues to elicit encomiums from amateurs; and the dancers, Madame Huttin and Mons. Barbere, are much praised. They better merit it than any we have seen. The attitudes are strikingly beautiful, frequently presenting most perfect and admirable representations of the graces, while the more buoyant and elastic motions are truly exciting. A commendable modesty is observed in costume, as well as in the general propriety of their demeanor. They are accomplished "artists," and will be relished by those who have a taste for the picturesque in attitude, or any idea of the poetry of motion.

The moon on Sunday evening last appeared to be more than twice the usual size. Many persons had collected together and were wondering at its strange appearance. A wag, passing at the time, was asked if he could account for it. "Why yes," said he, "the moon feels pretty large 'cause it eclipsed the sun yesterday."

CLIPPINGS.

A fanatic at New York preached, that during the eclipse the whole city south of Canal street would sink. Some persons actually went to the upper part of the city.

Biography of Henry Clay.—This work, written by George D. Prentice, Esq. was published during the past week by Messrs. Hanmer and Phelps, of Hartford. It forms a volume of three hundred and four pages.

Four gentlemen from Savannah, during eight hours on the 3d inst. killed in Abercorn Creek, 160 English and Teal ducks.

Oliver Watkins, who was capitally convicted by a former court, (for the murder of his wife) and sentenced to death, had a new trial lately at Brooklyn, Conn. and was acquitted.

Mrs. Martha Stanberry, of Trenton, N. J. bequeathed \$1000 to the Colonization Society.

It is stated in the Wilmington, N. C. Recorder, that Mr. Joshua Bryan, living on Baker's Creek, rived, between sunrise and sunset of the 25th ult. 3205 red oak hhds. staves, being the proceeds of twenty-one trees.

The Louisville, Ky. Focus is now printed daily, making three daily papers in a city which within the present generation was the scene of bloody savage wars.

At Opelousas, Lou. the orange trees have been killed by severe frosts, much cane destroyed, and fears entertained for the cattle which are without shelter in the prairies.

The Rochester Craftsman says that not less than ten thousand bushels of wheat are sold daily at the mills in that village.

The corporation of Utica, N. Y. after some deliberation as to the best method to be adopted to clear the side walks of that town of snow, finally concluded "that if the snow was permitted to remain on the walks until spring, it would melt off."

A lot in the business part of the village of Ogdensburg, N. Y. containing 3300 square feet, was recently bought from the heirs of N. Ford, Esq. for the purpose of erecting a store, by a gentleman who paid at the rate of \$17,820 an acre.

A letter from Manchester, Eng. dated Dec. 28, states that about 100,000 persons are out of employ there.

A beggar woman pretending to be blind, died lately in London, leaving the enormous sum of 450,000 dollars!

The Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, is named among the candidates for the crown of Belgium.

The mice in Taunton have recently destroyed several numbers of the New England Farmer. Those numbers probably contained accounts of premium butter, cheese, &c. and directions how to make bread of potatoes.

\$150,000 of the notes of the Bank of the Commonwealth of Kentucky were burnt on the 4th inst. in pursuance of a resolution passed at the late session of the legislature.

Seven persons were baptized by immersion at Allowaystown, Salem county, N. J. on Sunday week—a hole having been cut through the ice, eighteen inches thick, for the purpose.

The Poughkeepsie Journal of last Wednesday says, that upwards of sixty thousand bushels of grain were taken at the different store-houses in that village the past week.

The Charlestown Aurora states that a poor little girl having bought some rum for her parents, fell down, broke the pitcher, and spilt the contents. A young man, pitying her distress, took her back to the shop, bought four loaves of bread, and sent her home with them.

The receipts of the first nine weeks of the railway between Liverpool and Manchester, for passengers alone, were \$80,000.

A little boy, five years old, who had been furnished with his smoked glass, and charged not to look at the sun without it, was seen to run and drive the cow into the barn and close the door very carefully. On being asked why he did so, he said he was afraid the cow would hurt her eyes looking at the eclipse!

The number of Free Schools in Cincinnati is 17, in one of which the teacher and a class of 30 boys meet every morning before breakfast. It is called the "bright and early class."

For a debt of five dollars, which she was unable to pay, a woman aged SEVENTY YEARS, was recently committed to prison in Boston—a city from which are "annually sent off large numbers of missionaries for teaching Christianity to the Pagans." Tell it not to the heathen—publish it not at Botany Bay!

Meeting of Tailoresses.—A meeting of Tailoresses was held in New York a few evenings since. The meeting consisted of from two to three hundred females, and the object of it was to form an association for the purpose of taking measures for bettering their condition. [?] A committee was appointed to draft a constitution for the association, and the meeting adjourned. The New York Daily Sentinel states that a tailor in Chatham Street who advertises for "twenty or thirty" seamstresses, offers the applicants, for making shirts, seven cents each.

Among the more personal causes mixed up with public ones, which led to the movement in Poland, we may mention the cruelty of the Grand Duke to a poor woman who stood in the way of his troops at a review last year, whom he beat with his own hands. This brutality, one of many, sunk deep into the minds of the people at Warsaw. His rudeness, and the Emperor's coldness to the Senate at the Coronation, together with his insisting on crowning himself, disgusted the Nobles—that is, the whole gentry.

A case was tried last week before the Supreme Judicial Court at Boston, where a young gentleman of that city claimed damages of the proprietors of a Stage Coach, under the following circumstances. The plaintiff, as it appeared in evidence, took passage in their coach last June to go to Wrentham; when the coach had proceeded as far as the neck between Boston and Roxbury, it upset, owing to the nut on the front wheel coming off, and threw the plaintiff under the stage coach, whereby both legs were broken. The trial commenced on Thursday afternoon and continued till the Saturday following, when, after an impartial charge from the Chief Justice, the Jury retired, and, after an absence of three hours, returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$1500.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to our liberal friend at Groton, Conn. but are unable to furnish this Volume complete. We value much upon his exertions in the coming Spring.

The remarks of "H. A. C." of Hartford, are read with much gratification, and we shall hope to hear from him on the same subject. His request is complied with.

"M. R." of Carlisle, is received—we beg leave politely to decline part of his letter, but cheerfully comply with the latter part, as he will find by applying at the Post Office.

Our friends at Union, N. J. should be encouraged to go on with spirit—they will find but little difficulty in succeeding.

The drawings from Miamitown are received—and we shall endeavor to have the view of that flourishing town disposed of as the writer desires.

The instructions of our friend B. at Newark, are complied with, and his remittance is received.

We have sent to "R. M." of York, U. C. all the missing numbers we have in the office, and regret that his letter was not received two months sooner, as we could then have sent them all.

The subscribers at Detroit are all credited in full to May 1, 1831; but the numbers written for by "C. P." we are unable to send, as no copies of them are in our office, or to be elsewhere obtained for him. The prospectus is forwarded, and his other instructions will be obeyed.

We cannot supply W. C. M. at Buckingham, with the numbers written for; his subscription dates from No. 8 of this volume, as it was impossible to complete the volume when he subscribed.

The drawing of Lancaster, promised by J. W. will be very acceptable, and indeed any others he may be kind enough to forward us.

The remittance from J. R. of Kingston, is received; the subscribers there have credit in full to the close of this volume. His continued services will be thankfully acknowledged, and his request attended to.

THE BEE.

Bees gather honey from neglected flowers.

Patch by patch is good husbandry; but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

A dancer said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one foot as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan, "but my goose can."

Porcelain, equal to the finest French, is said to have been made at the manufactory in N. Jersey.

Definition of Woman.—A wicked old Greek writer gave the following very singular definition: "Woman is an animal delighting in finery."

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that droops in spring,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

The young are slaves to novelty, the old to custom.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own estimation.

A MARRIAGE VOW.

A woman's vow is far too long,
Upon a marriage day;
For surely, where a woman loves,
She'll honor and obey.

A curious Office.—During the ancient days of Welsh Royalty, among the twenty-four ranks of servants that attended the Court, was one called "the King's feet bearer." This was a young man whose duty it was to sit upon the floor with his back to the fire, and hold the King's feet in his bosom all the time he sat at table, to keep them warm and comfortable.

When Harry was old, to Maria he said,
"My dear, if you please we will marry;"
Maria replied with a toss of the head,
"I never will wed thee, Old Harry."

He waited till all her gay suitors were gone,
Then cried, "a fine dance they have led you,
The hand that I proffered, you treated with scorn,
And now the Old Harry went wed you."

A Clergyman said to one of his poor parishioners, "You have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave." "Then," said the poor fellow, "you will bury me like a knave."

When one dog barks, all other curs follow his example. (We see this every day in this good world of ours.)

THE LUNATIC BOY.

I'll grasp the loud thunder, with lightnings I'll play
I'll rend earth asunder and kick it away;
The rainbow I'll straddle, and ride to the moon,
O'er the ocean I'll paddle in the bowl of a spoon.

With streamers in lightness I'll dance on the cloud
The galaxy's brightness with cobwebs I'll shroud,
The sun I will bother with night-mare and wo,
For sport at each other the stars I will throw.

I'll tie up the winds in a bundle together,
And tickle their ribs with an ostrich's feather,
These capers I'll cut to relieve the heart ache
I have felt 'most a week for my faithless girl's sake.

Sweet, tender sex! with snares encompass'd round
On others hang thy comfort and thy rest.

Quality of Heads.—When Yates was Governor of this state, a gentleman was discussing with a Dutchman the comparative merits of De Witt Clinton and the reigning Governor.—The Dutchman was in favor of Yates, while his antagonist supported Clinton. In the course of the debate, the advocate of Clinton, in speaking of his superior talents, said he had a very long head. "All dat may be ferry drue," replied the Dutchman—"put I'm zhure if Guffernor Clinton has got a longer head as Guffernor Yates, 'tis not near so tick."—*New York Constellation.*

POETRY.

FOR THE ARIEL.

SEASONABLE LAYS.

Nay, ask me not to pen a lay!
How can I keep my wits together?
How can the beams of Fancy play
In such cold, freezing weather?
Ice, ice without, and ice within—
The gales that round my head are straying,
And in my ears keep such a din,
Are no soft zephyrs playing.

I think, 'tis true, but polar snows,
Greenland and Iceland fill my musing—
If I were there, to warm my nose
What furs I would be choosing.

The channels freeze, though while I think,
Ideas to icicles are growing;
As cold, but not as clear, the ink
Has no idea of flowing!

And e'en the pen I keep in use
Moves languidly—its scanty feather
Conveys a chill—I fear the goose
Must need it in such weather!

Oh! let me call up warmer themes—
The Torrid Zone must be delightful!
Although, last Summer, in my dreams
'Twas pictured very frightful!

But one can always use a fan
And oranges and lemons eat, so
I wonder any person can
Rail out against the heat so!
'Tis vain! I cannot pen a lay,
My thoughts are all congealed together
The streams of genius cannot play
Till it gets warmer weather!

From the Essex Gazette, Haverhill, Mass.

MORNING.

The Sun drew nigh. The dark night led
Her misty spirits from the sky;
And from the earth her shadows fled,
Like giant legions sweeping by.
They passed upon the sleeping West,
And, frowning, spread their banners there;
And lingered still, as if to breast
The rushing tide of sun-lit air.

Their dark forms stately moved along—
Their black plumes tossing to and fro,
Like marshalling of hostile throng
Ere strong men to the battle go:
But silently they fell away,
Like warriors wearied with the fight;
And swelled their broad and dim array
O'er other worlds' retreating light.

The breezes spread their dewy wings—
Their audible and unseen pinions;
And flew like gay, mysterious things,
Over the old Earth's wide dominions.
The dawning light rolled up the east,
While fading shadows veiled the West,
The gloomy reign of Night had ceased,
And silently she passed to rest.

And now a sun-beam, broad and bright,
Fell on the mountain's lofty brow,
And its red streams of glorious light
Rushed on the silent vale below.
The vapors knew the monarch's glance,
And gathering up their misty shrouds,
They rose before his red advance
To mingle with the floating clouds.

The sun came up—a world of fire!
Mounting on its eternal track;
And worlds looked upwards to admire
The radiant light it scattered back.
All nature from its sleep awoke
To breathing life and sudden motion;
And on the Sabbath stillness broke
Earth's murmurs—like the voice of Ocean.

From the London "Forget Me Not."

THE ORPHAN COTTAGER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

They sat upon the green hill side,
Sweet Alice Fleming and her brother;
"Now tell me, Alice," said the youth,
"And tell me in sincerest truth;
Thy thoughts thou may'st not smother,—
"Wherefore I should not go to sea?
Dost fear that evil will befall—
Dost think I surely must be drown'd,

Or that our ship will be aground,
And each wind blow a squall?"

"Dear Alice, be not faint of heart,
Thou need'st not have a fear for me;
I know we're orphans—but despite
Our lonely lot, in God's good sight,
I'll be a father unto thee!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! the ship is stout,—
A sturdy ship and beautiful—
I know the crew, all brave and kind
As e'er spread canvass to the wind—
'Tis "the Adventure," bound from Hull.

"A whaler, to the Northern Seas;
And think what joy to meet again;
Dear Alice, when we next sit here,
Thou'lt laugh at every idle fear,—
Thou'lt know all fear is idle then.

"Three voyages I'll only take
As a poor ship-boy—thou shalt see
So well the seaman's craft I'll learn,
That no man from the stem to stern
But shall be proud of me!"

"Ay, Alice, and some time or other,
I'll have a ship—nay, it is true,
Though thou may'st smile; and for thy sake
I'll call it by thy name, and make
A fortune for us two!"

The boy went out to sea, and Alice
In a sweet dale, by Simmer Water,
Where dwelt her parents, there dwelt she
With a poor peasant's family,
And was among them as a daughter.
Each day she did her household part,
Singing like some light-hearted bird,
Or sat upon the lonely fells
Whole days among the heather bells,
Keeping the peasant's little herd.

Poor Alice, she was kind and good;
Yet oft upon the mountain lone
Her heart was sad, and 'mong the sheep,
When no eye saw her, she would weep
For many sorrows of her own.

Sweet maiden—and she yet must weep!
Her brother meantime far away
Sailed in that ship so beautiful,
That lay within the port of Hull,
Beyond the farther northern bay.

The voyage was good, his heart was light,
He loved the sea, and now once more
He sailed upon another trip,
With the same captain, the same ship,
In the glad spring, for Elsinore.

Again, unto the Bothian Gulf,
But 'twas a voyage of wreck and sorrow,
The captain died upon the shore
Where he was cast, and twenty more
Where left upon the rocks of Snorro.

The boy was picked up by a boat
Belonging to a Danish ship;
And as they touched at Riga Bay
They left him there; for what could they
Do with a sick boy on the deep?

And there within a hospital,
Fevered he lay, and worn and weak,
Bowed with great pain, a stranger lad,
Who not a friend to soothe him had,
And not a word of Russ could speak.
And 'mid that solitude and pain
He begged some paper, and he wrote
To Alice; 'twas a letter long,
But then he used his native tongue,
And every sorrow he poured out.

Poor Alice!—did she weep?—ah, yes,
She wept, indeed, one live long day;
But then her heart was strong and true,
And calmly thus she spake: "I too
Will sail for Riga Bay!"

"To that wild place," the people said,
"Where none can English understand!"
O! go not there—depend upon't
He's dead ere now—he does not want
Your aid—why leave your native land?"

'Twas vain—each word they spoke was vain,
She took with her the little store
Left at her father's dying day—
And for the Baltic sailed away;
Such steadfast love that maiden bore!

Is this the boy, so stout and bold,
That on the green hill sat with her?
Is this the brother, blithe of cheer,
The careless heart without a fear?
Is this the joyful mariner?

The same—for in that hospital
There is no English boy but he—
The same, the very same, none other,
Sweet Alice Fleming, than thy brother,
And well he knoweth thee!

Ay, though the boy, with suffering bowed,
Was changed indeed, and feeble grown,
Better to him than oil and wine,
Better by far than Doctors nine,
Was his kind sister's charming tone.

And soon 'twas told through Riga town
What love an English sister bore
Her brother—how she left her home
Among the mountains, and had come
To tend him on this distant shore.

And she a maiden scarce sixteen!
'Twas a sweet tale of tenderness,
That all were happy to repeat;
The women, passing in the street,
Spoke of it, and they spoke to bless;
So did the merchants on the quay,
So did all people, old and young;
And when into the street she went,
All looked a kindly sentiment
And blessed her, in their Russian tongue.

But now the youth grew strong and stout,
And as he for the sea was bent,
And ne'er in toil or danger quailed,
So light of heart and proud he sailed,
Mate of a ship from Riga sent.

Its owner was Paul Carlowitz,
A merchant, and of Russian birth,
As rich as Croesus; and this name,
Despite his ships, and wealth, and name,
For of an ancient line he came,
Loved Alice Fleming for her worth.
He was no merchant old and gruff,
Sitting 'mid money bags in state,
Not he,—a handsome man and kind,
As you in any land could find,
Or choose for any maiden's mate.

And if you sail to Riga town,
You'll find it true, upon my life;
And any child will show you where
Lives Carlowitz, who took the fair
Poor English maiden for his wife.

From the New York Post.

Amid the myrtle and the vine, and the valley
Where the summer sleeps, and the rivers that
Murmur their memories and legends of old; amid
The hills and the glassy glades and the silver
Fountains, still as beautiful as if the nymph and
spirit yet held and decorated an earthly home;
amid these we will make the couch of our brides,
and the moon of Italia's skies shall keep
watch on our repose.—*Bulwer.*

Yes, thou wilt sit by silver streams,
While round thee play the breezes soft;
And sheltered from the noontide beams
By foliage green that waves aloft—

Thou shalt enjoy the fountains bright,
That yield their freshness to the air,
And beautiful will be the sight
Of nature's flowery aspect there.

And thou wilt see the blossom blow
In glossy vales that calmly sleep;
Italia's moon will deeply glow,
And o'er thy rest her vigils keep.

There radiant rivers as they flow
May breathe their memories of old;
The myrtle and the vine may grow,
And all their loveliness unfold—

But wilt thou find a tranquil home,
Amid the yellow orange bowers?
Dream'st thou of purer bliss to come,
While roaming thro' that world of flowers?

Wilt break the golden links that bind
Thy heart to his, once dearly prized;
And leave those infant charms behind,
Which thou hast ever idolized?

Beware—beware the fatal stings
That lurk where pleasure strews her flowers;
Her sweets with liberal hand she flings,
But poison mingles with the showers.

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A View of Lemon Hill the Seat of Henry Pratt Esq.
Engraved expressly for the Ariel